

# The Albany Register.

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### An Old Friend.

But a line in a daily paper  
Thousands of eyes would see,  
And careless pass the record by  
That gives such pain to me.

Yet our lives had drifted wide apart—  
Mine at my single side;  
And here, who I read in the Post to-day,  
"On the 24th of October died."

And ours was a quiet lying,  
A simple, friendly bond;  
It was pleasant to meet, and light to part,  
And never a thought beyond.

Yet as I read those words to-day  
Through a sudden mist of tears,  
The fair, frank face and bright blue eyes,  
Gleamed out through the cloud of years.

Ah, well! it had passed away from mine,  
The life that is closed at noon;  
And I who forgot to close my course,  
Will forget its setting soon.

The world goes up and the world goes down,  
And the young succeed the old;  
And the April sunshine gilds the buds  
That spring from the church-yard mold.

And eyes that of old have answered mine  
Will seldom as mine have done, (read  
As they glance some day down the list and  
That my earthly race is run.

Well, I scarce can frame a kindlier wish  
Than that every lip will say,  
"God rest her soul!" as earnestly  
As I breathe it for her to-day.

### Joel Bildig's Proposal.

The evening of which I write, Joel Bildig had retired himself in his best duds, and set out for the residence of Widow Smith. The widow had one son and daughter, and their names were Henry and Sally. Twenty-two summers had passed over the head of Sally, whilst fourteen only had passed over the curly head of Henry. Henry was a sharp boy, he knew a thing or two.

It might be well enough to say that Joel was going to the Widow Smith's that evening, with the avowed intention of doing a little job of courting. He had been there before, and he knew how things stood. He could see that his visits were favorably received, and he believed Sally smiled upon him. The widow looked upon it as an eligible match, and why shouldn't she? Hadn't Joel a twenty-acre lot and two steers and a bridle cow? Yes. And did he ever drink or smoke, or chew, or swear, or mind anybody's business but his own? Emphatically, no. Then why wouldn't it be an eligible match? Of course it was an eligible match, and everybody thought so.

Sally would have been better pleased 'tis true, if Joel had been a little more "fixey," as she styled it. She didn't see any use in a fellow with his trousers inside of his boots, his vest unbuttoned, and his hair uncombed. But that's the way with all the girls. You never see them altogether satisfied. If a fellow is all right one way, why he lacks in something else, and so the dear creatures are never satisfied. It was just so with Sally Smith. She knew that Joel Bildig was good, and honest, and industrious, and owned a twenty-acre lot, but she must find fault with him in some way; and so she found fault with his uncombed hair, and his open vest, and pantaloons inside of his boots.

We said that Joel Bildig was going to the Widow Smith's for the purpose of doing a little bit of courting—we said this, and we'll stick to it. Joel was rather a bashful youth, and he had to screw his courage up for a whole week before he could induce himself to visit Sally; but after he had got in and eat awhile and after the pie and cider had been passed around, he began to feel better and more at home, he began to talk, and after he had talked awhile, the widow and her son withdrew and left Sally and Joel alone.

Sally and Joel were left alone in the best room. Joel talked still better when the widow and her son withdrew, and in a short time he asked Sally to be his wife, and he did it after this fashion: "Sally," said he, marm's about gin out, and she thinks I had order git a wife to dew things. She thinks she has acted wheel-horse long enuff. Now, Sally, what would you think tew comin' over tew our house and keepin things in order? I raily don't think you could do better.

Then Sally flared a bit. Says she: "I ain't goin' fortill marry no man jest tew dew his work for him. I s'pose tew dew never a hed me if you hadn't short I'd be enuff sutt better worker than Polly Jones, or Patience Perkins, or Sally Simpson, or some of them other gals you've been a goin' with. Guess I ain't no fool. I can work enuff to hum without goin' over tew your house tew be bossed around by you and your marm." Then Joel explained that he loved her and did not ask her to marry him just

because she was a good worker and "handy tew dew things." He expected her to work some, of course; but he loved her "a heap more" than he loved Polly Jones, or Patience Perkins, or Sally Simpson, or any "them gals." He loved her with his whole heart, and he would be the most "miserablest" man in the country if she didn't revoke her decision, and come over and be his wife and attend to things generally.

The widow, instead of reposing in the arms of Morpheus, as she ought to have been waiting and listening at the keyhole to see that everything went straight and at this critical moment she allowed her anxiety for the match to get the better of her prudence, and she sang out:

"Sal, you'll be the biggest fool in creation if you don't hev him. He's got a twenty-acre lot and two steers. Her him quick! I'd be glad of the chance."

The little speech of the widow's, spoken through the keyhole, instead of helping matters, only spoiled the courting for that evening, and put the now frightened Joel to instant flight. He grabbed his hat and struck out for home. The widow then came from her chamber and stormed furiously.

"You shaller thing, what have you done? You'll never get such another chance, and I hope you'll be an old maid as long as you live."

"I jest tell you marm," exclaimed Sally excitedly, "I am goin to marry no man jest tew dew work for him. Jest think how provoking he was. If he had asked me right, I might have hed him; but instead of fallin' on his knees and graspin one of my hands in his, and striking his breast with t'other, and askin' me to be his bosom companion and walk with him down the stream of life, or some sich highfalutin talk, he axed me tew come over and dew things tew his house. Ketch me marryin' a man who doesn't know any more than that about axin' a gal to hev him."

"You'll rue the day, I'll bate," said the widow; and she smoothed her temper and the ruffles in her nightcap, and went back to bed.

The next day Henry met Joel at the village-store, and as he knew of the proceedings of the previous night, he snickered rather loud to be agreeable to the vanquished lover. Joel rushed at him and grabbed him by the collar.

"Now," said he "if you ever tell, I'll wallop you—I will, by jingo!"

Henry declared he would be as close as an iron safe, and then he added:

"If you want to marry Sally, I'll tell you how you can get her."

"How? how?" inquired Joel catheating at the words of hope as a drowing man would catch at a straw.

Henry liked Joel. He knew that beneath his rough coat he carried as true and honest a heart as ever beat in the breast of a man. Many a time had he been befriended by the man with a frowny head, and he knew of no one he would rather have for a brother-in-law nevertheless the funny scene of the previous night would rise before him and he could scarce control his risibilities. Henry had been awakened by his mother's anxious appeal to Sally to accept the hand of Joel, and he knew all that had transpired.

"Well, Joel," said Henry, "all you have to do is to ask her again, but you will have to ask her in a different way. Sally has been reading novels, and they've turned her head. Now if you want to win her, pile up the agony—pile it high—pile it as high as Mount Olympus, and then she'll accept you. Fall on your knees and strike your breast and swear you'll be the inmate of a lunatic-asylum before a week, if she does not agree, to make you happy by sailing with you on the rippling stream of life. Pile the agony high. Pile highfalutin upon highfalutin, and top it off with highfalutin, and then you'll win her. It isn't any difference whether you put in the right words in the right place or whether you put them in the wrong place—it's all the same to Sally. All you have to do is put in your biggest licks, and you'll carry the day."

"Gosh," said the happy lover, "is that all that's in the way? I'll bate I'll fix her."

"One word more," said Henry, as Joel in his joy was bounding away; "and you won't be offended?"

"O, no; in course not!" responded Joel.

"Well, comb your head before you come, and button your vest, and put your trousers outside your boots."

"O!" exclaimed the astonished Joel, a light breaking in upon him.

"Sally likes a fellow to be sort fixey, you know," said Henry.

"Gosh," again exclaimed the happy Joel, "I'll bate I'll fix her."

Joel went home one of the happiest fellows in creation. He hunted up all the novels in the house and borrowed more from the neighbors. Then he went to work and studied them to the detriment of the twenty-acre lot and the steers, and at the end of the two weeks he considered himself perfect.

"I'll bate I'll fix—I'll bate she'll be mine," he said, as he got himself up in good style, and went over to the widow's.

The widow and Henry retired in good order at nine o'clock, and Joel drew a long breath, and prepared for the conflict. The widow and Henry had time to be in the land of Nod before Joel commenced his speech. They had ample time to be there; but they were not there. It was too important an occasion for the widow to give sleep to her eyes, and Henry couldn't rest until he had heard Joel's highfalutin speech.

For the benefit of those who have never proposed, I will set down Joel's exact words. He plumped down on both knees and broke out after the following fashion:

"Sally, I love you harder than a hoss can kick. My heart would bust and fly into five hundred thousand fragmentary bits if you wouldn't hev me. You are my tallow-candle, and I gaze upon you, as a fellow would gaze upon a blazin' star a ridin' upon a rock-ribbed thunder-cloud. I gaze upon you as a six-year old would sit and gaze at the showman. Sweet his panacea by."

"I gaze upon you and my heart plumpeth and jumpeth like the porpoise which chased the antelope over the plain, and bindeth the tiger with a strong log-chain. If you won't have me I'll hang myself on the Alpine heights and Chimborazo's thunder-clouds shall cover me; then I'll dive into the boisterous bowels of oblivion, and drink deep draughts of the liquid, licentious liquoratum that lies bubblin' and boilin' there and when this is all over and the lightning have flashed their heaviest flash, I'll be a gone gossin, and you, Sally, will be the cause. O, Sally! won't you have me? Won't you be my wife and get with me upon the creaking raft and paddle, and kerslooze with me adown the salty stream of life? Won't you be my gallic galloping guiding-star—won't you be my North Pole Polatus Polatum and guide me through the whizzicky windings of the wilderness? O, Sally, say, and say it quick, won't you be my wife?"

Joel ceased speaking, and Sally dung her arms around him.

"I love you," she said; "always loved you, and I always meant to marry you, but I wanted to see you spread yourself. You have excelled yourself, and I am yours."

"Bravo!" shouted Henry throwing his boots down stairs. "Hurrah for Joel!" "Hurrah for Joel!" responded the widow through the key-hole.

Joel went home a happy man, and the Smith family dreamed happy dreams that night.

Joel and Sally are now one flesh, and Joel still tills the twenty-acre lot and drives the two steers; but his wife drives him.

LETTER FROM WHITE PINE.—The following is from the Portland Commercial: William O. Bruen, Esq., has laid us under obligations for the following letter from White Pine, written by Alex. Campbell, an old citizen of this city:

SILVER SPRINGS, March 8, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—I am here in White Pine with all my goods. I have a tent, and it makes a good bar room, with all my traps and pictures. I am doing well. I bought a lot for \$1,000 and can now sell it for \$2,000. George Clayton is here and in business, selling whisky. H. C. Coulson is in Treasure City, selling whisky and dry goods. Mat Keith is in Hamilton. Charley Powell came here to-day from Boise City. Johnny Kelley is here and at work in the Bank Exchange in Treasure City. There are not many persons here from Oregon. It is one of the wildest and best countries that I have seen in my life. Bob Britton is at work for me. All you hear about White Pine is not true. It is not so very cold, and there is plenty of everything if you have only the "in" to get it. There is a good many "tender feet" coming here that suffer as they are short of greenbacks, and the beds are not as good as they are in Varmout. The mines are very rich here and lots of them, and people are coming very fast from all parts of the world, and I am glad that I came. It is hard to tell where the town or city will be, but I am satisfied with my town. Wood is plenty here, and water is a treasure. It is fifty cents a bucket and wood is \$30 a cord. Wells & Fargo's office is in a saloon and gambling house, and a chop house in one corner, or anything else you want. I have a very bad cold and feel very unwell to-day. My hand is not very steady. My regards to all. Write soon.

A sailor, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on the ear. "There," he exclaimed, "just my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs."

The Boston Transcript says, "A correspondent wants to know if a railroad director was ever known to have been hurt by a smash-up."

Honorificabilitudinitatibusque!

### A Cool Conductor—Liberal Reward for Hushing up a Little Matter.

[From the N. Y. Democrat.]

It has been hinted quite generally that of the hundred and odd conductors on the Erie Railroad not all of them are strictly honest. It has been said that a few of them, on moderate salaries, have, like members of Congress, succeeded in saving from ten to thirty thousand dollars a year. Some of them have built fine houses; purchased horses, carriages, rich clothes, fashionable jewelry, expensive watches, some United States bonds, and a few shares in Erie. There are some men who are cruel enough to say this property has been acquired, not by honest labor, but with money abstracted by a sort of a conductorial strategy from the earnings of the road, and invested by the conductors rather than by the directors. Not long since, while regulating the Erie, its branches, and all connecting railroads in the country, it was decided in solemn conclave to regulate the conductors a little. Everybody said, and everybody must know, that conductors like unruly children when visiting, help themselves. Acting upon this basis, Manager Fisk lately undertook the job of correcting the evils existing among the conductors, are supposed to exist; and, after having estimated that they had bagged enough during the last five or six years to build a double track over half the route of the Erie, decided to have them disgorge. With this view notices have been sent, within the past fortnight, to very many of the old conductors of the road, who reside at various points on the line, ordered them to report forthwith to the Superintendent's office, on important business. The other day, one of the conductors, whose name it is not necessary to give here, who resides in Oswego, was called down, ushered into the Superintendent's office, and from there into Manager Fisk's room, when it is reported the following conversation took place:

Manager—"You are conductor on the Erie, I believe?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"How long have you been on the road?"  
"Fifteen years."  
"Had a passenger train all the time, I believe?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"What considerable property, I learn?"  
"Some."  
"Have a fine house in Oswego?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Own a farm where you reside?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?"  
"Nothing to speak of; only a home for the future."  
"Made the property since?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Been at work for other parties?"  
"No. But I have been saving of my money; invested it from time to time to a good advantage."

"Well, sir, what will you give to settle? Of course you cannot pretend to say that you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the road—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Now, sir, what will you give to settle and not be disgraced, as you certainly will be if a trial is brought, and you are compelled to give up the property which you profess to own, but which, in reality, belongs to the company?"

"Well, Mr. Manager, I have not thought of this matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors have; tried to earn my salary and get it—and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the company any thing. If you think I do, why there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble about it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother; relatives all people of good standing—they would feel very bad to have me arrested, and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me in the world, and the idea that I, her husband, would take so little as a penny that did not belong to me would send her broken-hearted to the grave. I don't care anything for the matter myself, but on account of my family and relatives, I want to make it right with the road and officers, and if you don't say anything more about it, I'll give you a dollar!"

The hopping around Grecian bend in a ball-room reminds one forcibly of a kangaroo trying to escape the attacks of sand-fleas.

Gilroy is still experiencing earthquake shocks.

### The Two Fishermen.

No. 1.

His pole was made of the sturdy oak,  
His line was a cable that never broke,  
He baited his hook with tigers' tails  
And sat upon a rock and bobbed for whales.

No. 2.

His pole was made of a peacock's feather,  
His line was a thread of the finest tether,  
He baited his hook with bits of cheese  
And sat in bed and bobbed for fleas.

SUCKERS.—A Chicago paper tells how the men of Illinois came to be called "suckers." The prairies were wide, the tramps long, and at times water scarce. The crawfish is a cold water animal under all circumstances, and where he lives at all, he bores for his favorite liquor if he can get it on no easier terms. The habitation of the happy crawfish is never out of water, in which sits the crustacean damp and cheerful. The early thirsty prairie traveler coming to one of the crawfish holes, even if the surface of the low soil was baked and parched, knew that there was water, and the adjacent reeds—perhaps he carried one stuck in his hat-band—furnished the ready means of drawing on the stock of the crawfish. So they came to be known as "suckers."

NEW YORK AS THE COMMERCIAL EMPORIUM.—It is thought by many reflecting men that New York cannot long retain her commercial supremacy. It is said that of 1,750,000 barrels of flour sent out of Buffalo last year, but 5,000 went to New York by the canals, which are supposed to have a great advantage in carrying heavy and slow freight. It is also stated as another fact unfavorable to the commercial future of New York, that grain can be sent from Chicago to Liverpool, by the way of Baltimore, after the close of canal navigation, more cheaply than it can be sent from Chicago to New York. Commerce has recently found a new route, by way of the Mississippi river and New Orleans, by which, with the facilities now perfected, grain can be and has been shipped from the Northwest to Liverpool and New York at rates lower than the more direct routes of transportation. In view of these important facts, one of the Philadelphia papers thinks that New York had better look well to her laurels as the commercial metropolis of America. Philadelphia would be glad to seize the prize, and Baltimore is sanguine of her own future. Possibly, however, the real rival of New York may prove to be Norfolk, Virginia, which has one of the most splendid harbors in the world, and is one hundred and nine miles nearer to Cincinnati.

THE MODERN YANKEE.—A Yankee is commonly equal to anything going—at least he is apt to think so, and as he thinks he acts. He can break a colt, shingle a meeting-house, keep a school, try law cases, edit a newspaper—he thinks that is fun—go to Congress, preach, swap horses, jackknives, friends and wives—if somebody must trade—attend to his neighbors' private affairs, settle "hashes" between them, build railroads, lay out institutions, (some are known to lay a great while,) kiss all the girls in the district, and a fair quantity out of it, sink wells, raise old Neds, whistle, smoke, chew, swear, court, love, hate, sing, dance, fiddle, play the harp—particularly the harp of a thousand strings—run a mission, a Sunday School, a Bible class, a ship with warming-pans and flannel shirts for the naked heathen at the equator, a temperance society, farm, mine, do tailoring, blacksmithing, watch-cleaning, and other sundries of more or less account and calibre. The live Yankee is at home on most things in general and several things in particular. Give him his jackknife and shirt-collar, and he is fully armed to "do" the world.

THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.—The following is the amendment to the Constitution as passed by both Houses:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following Article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as a part of the Constitution, namely: Article XV.—Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, or color, or previous condition of servitude.

Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation.

Nevada is the second State to endorse the amendment.

San Jose is to have a savings insurance institution shortly.

### Pacific Slope Brevities.

The snow sheds erected over the track of the Central Pacific railroad are 22 miles in length by 16 feet high. 40,000,000 feet of lumber was used in its construction, and it covers an area of nearly 43 acres.

The Humboldt Indians are said to be on the war-path. The Humboldt Times says that a party of Indians, consisting of ten bucks and one squaw, had lately been seen in the vicinity where Emory was killed, and that a number of cattle have been wantonly slaughtered by them. The Times says they are evidently on the war path, and calls on the authorities at Fort Gaston to take immediate action for the protection of families from them.

The Truckee Tribune says: With the opening of Spring, Truckee will become one of the liveliest towns on the coast. Every saw mill in the district will run to its fullest capacity night and day and the railroad company has a vast amount of labor to be performed between here and the Summit, which can be done to advantage only in summer. We do not think, from what we can learn, that less than five thousand men will be employed on the road and about the mills within this district.

Robertson district says the Nevada Enterprise, of March 3d, is a new mining district, some 30 miles from White Pine, and is said to contain some very large and valuable leads. A party of gentlemen interested in the district leave this city to-day to look after locations made for them. The assays for the principal leads discovered run from \$80 to \$275. There is said to be plenty of wood and water in the district, and the country rock is similar to that at White Pine, being limestone and granite.

A ROMANCE OF THE CUBAN REBELLION.—An American citizen who was in the Theater of Villanueva on the evening of the 22d ult., and witnessed the riot and massacre in the streets of Havana that evening, says that the origin of the outbreak was the shooting of a young woman. He says: "A very beautiful girl, the daughter of Aldama, one of the Cubans, wore upon her left breast the American flag, with the inscription, 'Long live the Republic of Cuba' upon it. When the stirring song was being sung, the whole audience rose and cheered this young woman, and as she rose to acknowledge the salute—all eyes were now bent upon her—a low, mean, cowardly Spaniard shot her with a revolver, killing her instantly. Two American gentlemen occupied the box adjoining Senorita Aldama, whose names I do not know, but one of whom, seeing the pistol pointed at the young lady's breast, drew his revolver, and a second after the Spaniard had fired, blew the top off the head of the cowardly assassin. Instantly the whole theater was the scene of the greatest confusion, and the Spanish troops rushed in and began firing upon the masses of the huddled, unarmed, innocent men and women."

"BULLY FOR HIM."—The Auburn Herald, February 27th, says:

Stephen H. had about 15 years of age, son of C. P. Bone of Iowa Hill, while going from Ford's Bar to Pickering's Bar on the North Fork a few days since, discovered a large deer below the trail, standing behind a bush, and partially hidden from him. On the spur of the moment he picked up a rock and hurled it at the unsuspecting animal, which took effect on the head and brought it to the ground. Then with the quickness of thought he sprang upon his prey, and with another rock beat it on the head until life was extinct. The deer after being dressed, weighed 86 pounds. We must say bully for him.

A funny story is told of the second raising of a meeting-house in Connecticut, when a young man was called upon to deacon an appropriate hymn. He repeated, in a clear and solemn voice, the lines:

Except the Lord doth build the house  
The workmen toil in vain;

Which were sung by the people with usual solemnity, when the rogue gave out, with equal seriousness—

Except the Lord doth shingle in  
'Twill tumble down again.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

A Texas editor, on being asked how he got along with his paper, said he had written one editorial and shot three men in the previous 12 months.

Virginia oysterman claim that it is death to eat raw oysters immediately after eating of sugar or molasses.

Why is a lady whose dress touches the floor like a vagrant? Because she has no visible means of support.